The END OF THE SUMMER ON THE PIKE.

BY FRANKLYN FYLES.

St. Louis, Aug. 25.

THE Pike at the end of the summer has no more than made itself ready for the autumn business. Few of the showmen have more than balanced their outgo with income, and some of their accounts would figure out bankruptcy if closed up now. But the tardy crowds are counted on to come with the cooler weather and they will be as welcome as any harvest ever was after a famine. The stage entertainments, which have lapsed into langour during the heat, are already enlivened for the autumn season. There is a new embodiment of Irish modesty at the Irish theatre in Sheila Kelly, a shy colleen who dances as an ideal bogtrotter should; but, alas for the illusion She is billed as the champion dancer of all Ireland, and therefore must be classed among professional artists in pedal culture. And there are new embodiments of Turkish immodesty at the Constantinople theatre in the Fatima Twins, bold sirens who dance with twists and squirms as all the couchee-couchee creatures do. I mention these recruits because they represent the extremes of coy and assertive femininity on view here.

It may be pleasant to read that the immodesty is confined to the Turks and East Indians. Women of no other nation are put forward here deplorably. You have to go a mile away in one direction to see American women in the dance hall of an Arizona camp, and even there the viciousness is under close restraint; and you have to go a mile in another direction to see Filipino women in the Igorotte village, and there you find that the nudity, about which so much has been said, is excessive only in the men.

In passing I may let you into the secret. There never was any thought by the authorities of putting trousers on those fellows from the Philippines. Of course, some prudish visitors were shocked, and they may have written letters of protest to President Roosevelt, as they did to President Francis, but no official attention was paid to them. The agitation of the subject in print was due to a press agent, and parties interested were willing to help him. But the women commissioners wouldn't lend themselves to the advertising device of an investigation.

"Would you mind going to an Igorotte dance and making a report?" was asked of Mrs. Manning the chairwoman.

"I can report without a visit," the level-headed lady replied: "to put trousers on those innocent legs would be wicked."

It is a fact, however, that the Japanese pullers of jinrikshas are not permitted by the official censor of the pike to wear their ordinary working clothes, which consist of a sash and a breechclout. They tell of a jovial American girl touring who, after being drawn to a 5 o'clock tea in Tokio by a nearly naked native, came back to her hotel with him in the cart and herself between the thills.

"For a change,' 'she explained, "I thought I'd rather make the return trip with him behind me instead of in front."

The jinriksha pullers at the fair are as fully garbed as the wheelchair pushers, and a Jap, in a match race with an American twice around the half-mile track in the Stadium, won by a dozen lengths of the contrasting vehicles, although he ran under the handicap of a passenger in his cart, while the chair was empty.

But the chair pusher is a winner over the jinriksha puller in the competition for fair fares at the fair. He is in most cases a collegian earning money this summer for next winter's expenses, and as likely as not he is good looking enough to be a handsome figure in his neat uniform. It is easy for a girl to imagine that he is a mighty oarsman or footballer and that his muscularity becomes sentimental, even thoug sordidly employed, when it propels her. He is a guide, too, and his duty, she is ready to believe, becomes a pleasure to her, as it is to her, when he talks with his lips close to her ear. She lolls serenely voluptuous in her seat and fancies how, like a haughty princess adored by a plebeian, she would wither the wretch with regal scorn if he yielded to temptation and kissed her. It is a disenchanting possibility, of course, that his arms ache, his feet burn, his back twinges, and the uppermost wish of his heart is that his passenger weighed one hundred pounds instead of two.

As compared with him, the Jap man-motor is no better than a horse and might as well be a donkey hitched to one of the jaunting cars from the Irish village. These three diverse conveyancs hip to give cosmopolitan aspects to the Pike. Sometimes they provide comic sights, such as a tired-out fat woman sleeping soundly in a wheel-chair like a monster infant in a perambulator; a hilarious old man whooping it up in a jinriksha like a rounder on a spree in a hansom, or a rustic family of six, to say nothing of a baby, trying not to fall out of a jaunting car built for four.

The Pike in the evening is an electrical dream—or nightmare. New York is wide-eyed this summer at the illumination of Luna Park and Dreamland. If these two resorts and all the others at Coney Island were placed along a single midway they wouldn't equal this mile at the fair, with its architecture of many countries luminous with a million lamps. Some of the Pike shows have been described in this correspondence unfavorably, and a few denounced as no better than traps set to catch the unwary; but Coney Island's best—with two exceptions—is not as good as the Pike's best, and the Pike's worst is not as bad as Coney's worst.

The firemen's exhibitions of Luna Park and Dreamland are the exceptions noted. As theatrical shows they beat the one given here, as each has a spacious street scene, in which a pantomimic farce is acted, with many people, horses and vehicles, before the conflagration. However, as a dignified display of the methods of a modern fire department, the one of the Pike has the best equipment and the best service. The director is Chief Halt, a western veteran fire fighter, grown rich, and he employs twenty expert firemen from several western cities. The latest quick methods of getting to a fire and putting it out are operated under stop-watch time and are kept up to the best record. We see a blaze start in a six-story tenement. A policeman sends in an alarm to an engine house 250 feet away. The firemen are asleep in their rooms, which are open to our view. At the sound of the gong they spring from their beds and slide down poles to the main floor, where horses are hitched to an engine and a ladder wagon in an instant. The machines come tearing up the street to the burning house. Inmates are at the windows crying for help. The rescue crew climbs up the front of the building with scaling ladders, adjusts ropes for some of the imperilled ones to descend by, carry others down in their arms, drop a boy into a blanket and perform feats of difficulty and danger. Meanwhile, hose has been laid, streams are thrown on the fire and there is all the excitement of a real conflagration, with the fire fighters very busy but calm. The realism rouses enthusiasm. So, you see, other than frivolous entertainments can prosper here.

In the matter of Pike gaiety, there is a keen lack of a new frisky tune. The Midway at Chicago evolved the air which, based on the pipe-blowing and drum-beating of the Streets of Cairo, has stood ever since for all that is reckless in amusements. Probably thousands of composers, amateur and professional, have tried to provide a similarly popular and profitable tune for the Pike to adopt. Hundreds of these efforts have been printed and exploited, but all in vain. Not one is heard at the fair. The couchee orchestras still blow and beat away on the old rythm, but other musicians are ashamed to play any more the melody that it inspired. The concessionaires might well have made up a big purse of gold and thrown in a handful of diamonds, for the man who found the wanted air. It would have characterized the Pike here and advertised it throughout the length and breadth of the land. In its absence the musicians get along as well as they can with ragtime negroism. Their best success is when, well along toward midnight, they remind the throng that "there's a hot time in the old town tonight," and set the sore soles of the nevertheless exhilirated souls cakewalking responsively.

Curfew rings throughout all the rest of the fair at early candlelight. After that the enormous palaces of industry and art shut their doors, although they permit electric bulbs to outline their exterior architecture. But if theirs is a curfew bell on the Pike, the maid who says it shall not ring is clinging to its clapper every night, or else has pulled it out and thrown it away. The Jefferson guards are under no excise orders to close the restaurants. Slungshots were issued to them recently, instead of pistols, because they wish to look like soldiers, and not carry visible clubs like common policemen. They have need often of more than bare hands and firsts to quiet disturbances, as they are not the physical stalwarts that police forces are made of, and late at night the Pike takes on some of the manners of the Tenderloin.

But that convivial section of New York never had such an international congress of roysterers. Parties of college boy excursionists give their college yells. Partisans of winners in the day's sports at the stadium are noisy and exultant. Roughs from St. Louis are less polite in the commotion. Well dressed slummers roam about as they would in Gotham. Mingled with these are all manner of foreigners in their native costumes, for more than 2,000 of them and half as many American Indians are turned loose after their day's service as exhibits is over.

One thing strikes the visitor as odd. There are no bars on the Pike to stand up to. Alcoholic beverages are served in restaurants only and at tables. "I don't mind sitting down to drink," said an overladen lurcher, "it's the getting up that bothers me."

Visitors wonder that in none of the Pike's foreign countries food unknown to us is on sale. China provides chop suey, to be sure, but the chicken and rice in the blend is not strange to us, although we may feel some uncertainty as to the other ingredients. Of course, we have no misgivings over curry dishes in India or peppered ones in Mexico, or garlic ones in Spain, if the meat is familiar; and we drink tea in Japan and coffee in Turkey without a qualm; but we might buy for our stomach's sake what, for all we know, might make our stomachs ache. So, while many nations have their restaurants, their viands and beverages offer very little novelty.

If you come to the Fair, don't do any eating on the Pike anyway, for if you do you will pay top notch prices for generally low grade food. I have tried them all and in few did I get half my money's worth. I spent al lsums between thirty-five cents for a sandwich and a pint of lager beer to four dollars for a meal in courses and a pint of ordinary claret. One fact was common to my experiments. The food was always dear and usually poor. The beer was all right in quality, but nowhere on sale at less than ten cents a glass, and the bottles, of brews purchasable in groceries at a half dollar a dozen, were sold here at a quarter of a dollar apiece. And you paid a dime for a sandwich made of slices of unbuttered bread and the thinnest shaving of cheese or ham that a sharp knife could cut.

In the more pretentious of the Pike's eating houses the prices are as high as at Sherry's, Delmonico's or the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, but as a rule the food is ordinary in material, carelessly cooked and served slap-dash. I said a savage good-bye to Pike restaurants when I ordered a small sirloin steak at a dollar and got a cut of rump that had been smoked in the broiling and let stand till cool before serving. At a hundred places on the Fair grounds meals may be had at no more than a reasonable advance on normal prices, but if there is one on the Pike I don't know it.

There was a frankfurter man who sold his sausage at a nickel per hot link, imbedded in a roll with mustard or horse radish. I asked him why he didn't double his price. This was outside the gates. Coffee was being sold at a stand next him at ten cents a small cup and the buyer had to drink it standing up. At his other side a beer booth had tables to sit down at but the price was a dime a glass. The glasses were big, to be sure, but there were no small ones at a nickel.

"I ain't no shine," said the sausage man in reply to my question. "I'm from Coney Island, and if a nickel buys a frankfurter in New York it ought to in St. Louis. I ain't no hog." And raising his voice to the passing throng he cried: "Here ye git 'em! Here ye git 'em! Long links and thick rolls for five, five—only five!"

That was fortnight ago. I passed that way again this afternoon. He was still crying out the merits of his wares. But his stand no more bore a five cent placard and his eloquence contained no quotation of price. He had gone over to the dime majority. I give his case to show how the get-rich-quick-or-never policy prevails.

SOME ECCENTRIC AMERICAN EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

"HAVE you ever noticed," asked the steady drinker, "how few of us there are who drink liquor without framing up some sort of an excuse for it?"

"That I have," returned the other steady drinker with decision, "and, moreover, that there is an excuse to fit every circumstances or mood."

"Say rather that every circumstance or mood fits some sort of a drink and you'll have it right," corrected the first, as he finished mixing his highball. "One might add the stock excuses for not drinking, some of the sophistries and a euphemism or two and call it rum's ritual."

"It strikes me that you have the right idea, but not exactly the word," said the one who took his liquor straight. "The rubric of rum is much more comprehensive for our drinking customs are certainly fixed enough and written in red on the faces of consistent followers.

"Perhaps the oldest excuse for drinking liquor with this generation is the time honored one of curing a cold. Our fathers took rum and molasses and the effect was glorious. We fall back on rock and rye, which has just as slight an effect on the cold. In either case it is the alcohol effect that one is after, and it is the alcohol one is excusing.

"The matter of moods and drinking must be considered, you. Yet get news that makes you happy and you just have to drink—champayne cocktails, perhaps. Your child dies and your grief is so great that you must pour down the liquor. But it would be just the same if the victim of the grim destroyer was your mother-in-law. To hear one of these excuses one would think that it was a case of cause and effect, but really it no connection.

"There are no end of sophistries in this rubric. For instance, there is that argument of many followers that Scotch whiskey does not give one a headache and that red whiskey will. If you are subject to headaches drink Scotch. Yet it is the alcohol that does the work in either case. The flavoring that gives the different color could be put in one's eye without doing any damage.

"The gin sophistry is equally well known. Gin acts on the kidneys, so if you fear diabetes or kindred troubles drink gin. How it acts the drinkers do not know, but they stick to it through thick and thin. As a matter of fact, gin simply does up the kidneys if you drink enough of it, as any pathologist will tell you.

"It is remarkable how many drinkers go to the bar and quietly ask the bartender to prescribe a drink for them.

"'I don't know what I want this morning,' the drinker will begin. 'I'm suffering from heartburn.'

"The bartender promptly prescribes lemon nad seltzer, or a gin rickey. The poor victim puts more acid into his already troubled stomach and wonders why the heartburn still pains him.

"You've noticed surely the lengths a drinker will go to keep from mixing his drinks and brands. He firmly believes that if he drinks more than one brand of whiskey, for instance, the same evening he will have a bad morning after, or at least a worst one. They argue it out thus:

"'Oh, crickey, what a headache! Let me think; what did I drink? In Smith's I had 10 or 12 Bunter's and then we switched the brand and had eight or nine more. That's it! We switched the brand; if I'd stuck to Bunter's I'd feeling like a June morning instead of a December afternoon. Never again for mine!'

"There are many honest folk who do not want to drink much liquor and stick to milk punches because it is nine parts milk. After two or three they insist that they cannot be under the influence because they have been drinking nothing but milk punchs.

"I think most of the euphemisms come from a desire to avoid saying 'Give me a drink of liquor,' or, in other words, 'Hands out a glass of poison.' Just now the most popular one is 'Take a ball.' A few years ago every one who asked put it 'Have a smile with me.' Careless souls may say 'Have a jolt,' or 'Take a jab;' but it is only the man from the west or south who comes out boldly with 'Come and have a drink of liquor,' and it is the bartender in Red Dog and not in the Broadway rum palace who says cheerfully, 'Name your poison, gents.'

"Yet we have our vulgarisms right here in New York. The one that grates on me most is 'opening wine.' A Tammany man or one of the nouveau riche at the Hotel de Hyphen never buys champagne. He opens wine, and he thinks he is speaking most elegantly when he speaks of it in that way.

"Another of those vulgarisms is the expression 'case goods.' You will often hear, 'We had a great old time last night; drank nothing but case goods.' They mean of course, that they were not satisfied with the regular bar whiskey, but each time they drank demanded some particular brand which comes in a case of so many dozen bottles.

"If we have excuses for taking a drink we are nearly as well supplied with excuses for not drinking. The professional excuse and one that always goes is 'No, thank you; I've just had my luncheon,' or 'Much obliged, old man; I've just got up from dinner.' Now, why these excuses should stand is beyond me. There is no time more appropriate for taking a drink than just after a meal and no time when drinking does one less harm. The man who says he is 'on the water wagon' or 'up a pole' is seldom urged to get off or climb down. The excuse stands and is not open to argument."

"You've made the case," said the other steady drinker. "And there certainly is material enough for ritual or rubric, whichever you will. But there is one thing you have forgotten and for which we can both give our sincere thanks—it is no longer good form to get drunk. It was, you know, in the eighteenth century. Even within the memory of men still living a man of genius and talent heightened his fame by acquiring a reputation for intemperance. An actor could stagger to crowded house night after night, and an author claimed a greater army of readers if the impression got out that he wrote his stuff at a tap room table. Neither would be tolerated today. Our prominent men may get a 'bun' or an 'edge,' and even on rare occasions a 'skate,' but drunk—never."

Having thrashed it all out without introspection this pair proceeded to drink to the sophistry of drinking with its stock excuses for and its stock excuses for not, its euphemisms and the rest—the "rubric of rum."

(Houston Chronicle.)

Whene'er I hear the symptoms of
Some ailment that is new,
I straightway go right off and get
The darned old symptoms, too.

"THE MARVELOUS LAND OF OZ."

In the realm of childhood there is a greater hero these days than the mikado or czar; there is a greater country than Japan or Russia. The hero is J. Frank Baum; the country is thte fairyland of Oz. No writer in recent times has so captivated and charmed the little folks as has Mr. Baum; few books have given greater pleasure than the "Wonderful Wizard of Oz." It will not

"Led Him Out to Play Quoits."

do to tell the little critics that there are no such people as the animated Scarecrow or the Tin Woodman, because they know better. These adventurers in the land of Oz are far more real to the children than are the Japan and Russian warriors in Korea to grown-up people.

The news that Mr. Baum has written another Oz book, that he will take the little people of Christendom on another excursion through the wonderful country made famous by his book and play will be hailed with delight far and wide. Nor will the rejoicing be confined to the children. Thousands of grown-up people who were delighted with the "Wonderful Wizard of Oz" in book form, and who laughed and shouted at the antics of the people of Oz on the stage, will now hail with delight the formation that the author has drawn upon his fancy for another book telling more of his wonderful country and its wonderful people.

The new book is, if anything, more whimsical and odd than the one that made Mr. Baum famous. It is called the "Marvelous Land of Oz." Every character in the book is a hero; there are no disappointments and all comes out right in the end for all the good people of Oz except the old witch, and she didn't amount to much, anyhow.

Somehow this writer has discovered a more direct route to the hearts of children than any other in recent days, and his last book is considered the best thing he has turned out. The children are right in the heart of the story with the first sentence. This is the way the book opens:

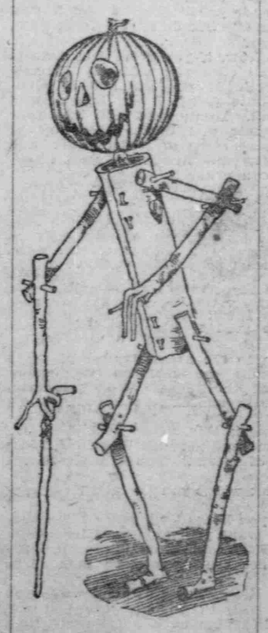
"In the country of the Gillikins, which is at the north end of the land of Oz, lived a youth called Tip. There was more to his name than that, for Mombi often declared that his whole name was Tippetarius; but no one was expected to say such a long word when 'Tip' would do just as well. This boy remembered nothing of his parents, for he had been brought up when quite young to be reared by the old woman known as Mombi, whose reputation, I am sorry to say, was none of the best. For the Gillikin people had reason to suspeck her of indulging in magical arts and therefore hesitated to associate with her."

Imagine if you can a healthy boy or girl laying down the "Marvelous Land of Oz" after a start like that. Imagine a lover of fairy tales, old or young, deserting Tip till he is brought out in triumph on the last page of the book.

The story runs something like this: Mombi goes off on a journey leaving Tip at home. To scare her when she returns he fixes up a pumpkin lantern on sticks and puts it by the path. But Mombi is a witch, she has powder that gives life and this she shakes on the pumpkin lantern. Jack Pumpkinhead comes to life and takes his place in the realm of fancy side by side with the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman. Old Mombi at once takes Jack Pumpkinhead and locks him up in the stable. She then prepares a soup for Tip that was to turn him into stone; but Tip unlocks the stable door, lets Jack Pumpkinhead but and the two escape into the land of Oz.

Tip has adventures of a wonderful nature from the time he crosses the borderland of Oz till the end of the book. He hunts for the Scarecrow and finds his city guarded with an army with green whiskers. Jack Pumpkinhead's legs give out, but an old sawhorse is found, some of the powder of life Tip brought with him is sprinkled on the sawhorse and he at once becomes a fiery steed. Pumpkinhead rides the steed through the balance of the book. They find Scarecrow in the palace and are just ready to have a good time when General Jinjur, a beautiful young lady, comes along with many other beautiful girls. They fight the army with hatpins and drive everybody from the palace, including Tip and his friends.

The Presentation at Court.



Jack Pumpkinhead.

They next find the Tin Woodman in the city of Winkles, and after a joyful reunion Tin Woodman leads a campaign to drive General Jinjur and her companions out of Scarecrow's palace. They received a valuable reinforcement in the person of Mr. H. M. Woggle Bug, H. E. This name means Mr. Highly Magnified Woggle Bug, Highly Educated.

Mr. Woggle Bug's biography was something like this: For years he had been a plain, ordinary woggle bug, living between the cracks of the bricks in a country schoolhouse. One day the schoolmaster spied him, picked him up between his finger and thumb, and for the benefit of the boys and girls in the class had him attached to a stereoptiicon and thrown, in highly magnified size, onto a screen. Just at this moment the whole class was called outside and Mr. Woggle Bug, finding himself alone, walked off the screen in his highly magnified condition and started out to see the world for himself.

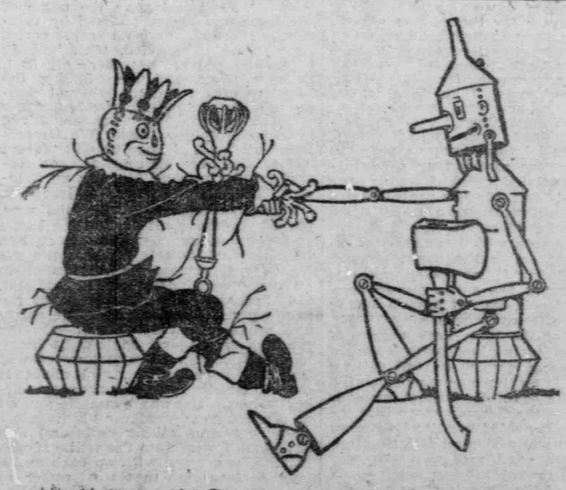
The adventures of the campaigners are all told in graphic style. Mr. Woggle Bug proved himself a hero in helping to overcome the wicked Mombi. Mr. Gump also played a prominent part. The good fairy Glinda also came in at the right time, and many minor characters played many minor but interesting parts. No one who does not read every line of the book will ever be able to tell truthfully just how this fearful war came out in the land of Oz, but everybody can rest assured, whether he reads the book or not, that the war came out just right.

The book is beautifully and fantastically illustrated by John R. Neill. He had done good work on the Philadelphia North American and the New York Journal. He enters into the spirit of the "Marvelous Land of Oz" with the result that the book is richly illustrated. The book is dedicated to David C. Montgomery and Fred A. Stone, who posed for some of the pictures, whose clever impersonations of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman on the stage gave pleasure to so many. The work is published by The Reilly & Britton company of Chicago, and has already reached a remarkable sale.

The Trail of Lewis and Clark.

"The Trail of Lewis and Clark," by Olin D. Wheeler. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. The "Wonderland" publication of the Northern Pacific railroad is responsible, so Mr. Wheeler says, for the present volume. For several years he prepared the material for "Wonderland," and in his work became familiar with that trail of the great expedition of Lewis and Clark, part of which coincides with the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. We are told the story of the great exploration across the country in 1804-06, and there is a description of the old trail based upon Mr. Wheeler's own knowledge of it. The story opens with a somewhat detailed description of the Louisiana purchase. In his preface Mr. Wheeler frankly states that the "opinion and conclusions expressed regarding the first great expansion of the United States are the result of careful reading and study, and if there be those who dissent from them, it is proper to add that the subject is a somewhat complicated and confused one, and that certain aspects of it admit of honest differences of opinion." One need not read far to discover that the author's own views, as is to be expected, run parallel with those attributed to the great railroad organization with which he has been affiliated. The two handsome and interesting volumes are a timely reminder of the centenary of the Lewis and Clark expedition. The books are profusely illustrated with portraits, maps and photographic reproductions of paintings bearing upon the subject and of scenes along the way. The publishers as well as the author are to be congratulated upon the typographic work, which is unusually fine.

The Scarecrow.



His Majesty, the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman.